

FLED FROM HER HOME AS SHE DIED.

"J. Everett" Deserted
Aimee Smith in a
Third Avenue Hotel.

SHE HAD TAKEN POISON.

Left Her Home in Hacken-
sack, Deceiving Her Pa-
rents, to Meet Him.

SHE POSED AS HIS WIFE.

A Church Girl, Well Beloved, Her
Father a Clerk in a New
York Bank.

SHE WAS GOING TO MORRISTOWN

Her Friend, the Minister's Wife, Went
Part of the Way, and They Separated
in Jersey City—"Everett" Escaped
Through a Window.

A very handsome young woman, Aimee Smith, committed suicide by poison in the Hotel Victor, Third Avenue and Twenty-fourth street, yesterday. She was the daughter of Malcolm B. Smith, a clerk in a New York bank, and lived in her father's house on State street, near Passaic street, Hackensack.

She went to the hotel Victor with a man, as yet unknown, for whom the police are diligently searching. This man wrote in the hotel register, "J. Everett and wife, Chicago."

When Miss Smith took the fatal drug this man pretended to go for a doctor, returned, and then escaped from the hotel through the window of the room.

The unhappy girl died in Bellevue Hospital, whither an ambulance surgeon hurried her. In her garments they found a deposit blank of the Seaman's Bank for Savings, Wall and Pearl streets. On the back of the blank was written:

The devil gives heaven to people before they sin, but after they sin brings their consciences into despair. Christ died in quite the contrary way for the gives heaven after the sin is committed and makes trouble to the conscience joyful.

In the unfortunate's pocket, too, were visiting cards:

MRS. AIMEE SMITH,
Hackensack, N. J.
The police and Superintendent Murphy, of Bellevue, learned that Malcolm Smith lives in Hackensack. They sent a long telegram to him describing the girl, "very pretty, slender, about five feet five inches tall." They told in this telegram what they saw: that her figure was beautifully proportioned; that her hands and feet were delicate; that her fingers were small, her nails well kept. They minutely described her clothing, which was not of expensive quality, and most of it, mainly home made. They told in this letter that the young woman who lay dead in the Morgue and probably been near sighted, for she had a pair of eyeglasses, gold rimmed. They told, too, that she wore three rings, two set with garnets and that she had \$2.00 in her purse.

Malcolm Smith was at his desk in the bank when the telegram reached his house, last evening. His wife, Aimee's mother, opened it. The telegram exactly described the daughter, who had left her that morning. There was no doubt in the mother's mind; she was prostrated by grief.



Aimee Smith, Who Took Poison in the Hotel Victor.

The identity of the man with whom she went to the hotel is unknown, for when she was sick he fled through a window and has not been found by the police. The girl's father is a bank clerk, who lives in Hackensack, N. J.

Her husband soon arrived. He, too, was certain that the suicide of the Hotel Victor was his daughter. He wired to the authorities at Bellevue "I had the body until I arrive." His telegram created the impression that he would hurry to New York. But his wife was grieving, weeping, almost frantic. He felt he must remain, had to try to comfort her; he did not leave her.

Malcolm B. Smith and his family are known to every one worth knowing in Hackensack. Aimee was their oldest daughter, twenty-nine years of age. There are two other children, a boy and a girl. Aimee, like the rest of the family, attended the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, which is on State street, next to the Smith house. Miss Aimee had determined to visit some relatives at Morristown, N. J. At least she told her parents she was going to visit them. They arrived at the West Shore Railroad depot in Jersey City and Mrs. Gibbs went with Miss Aimee to the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry house. There they parted. Miss Aimee told the minister's wife she would cross to New York

and take the ferryboat that would carry her back to the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Jersey City. Mrs. Gibbs returned to Hackensack; Miss Aimee went to New York.

A few minutes before 10 o'clock yesterday morning a handsome young woman and a man entered the Hotel Victor together. The man seemed to be thirty-eight or forty years old. His black hair and mustache were streaked with gray. He wore a black hat and a black overcoat. His clothing was plain, but expensive. The woman carried a satchel; the man a satchel and a small parcel. He registered their arrival. "J. Everett and wife, Chicago," Schrader, the proprietor, assigned the couple to room No. 7 on the first floor. They called neither for food nor drink. Nothing was heard from them until 1:30 o'clock. Then "J. Everett" went down stairs.

"My wife's been taken ill," he said to Schrader. "I must go for a doctor." The front door of the hotel is constantly locked. Schrader unlocked it and "J. Everett" went out. He seemed cool enough; self-contained.

It was more than half an hour before he returned. He told Schrader he had been unable to find the physician for whom he had been looking, but said that as his wife was in no danger he would not bother to hunt up another. Then he went upstairs, presumably to his room. The physician for whom he had been looking might mean that he knew the neighborhood.

"Mr. Everett's" actions seemed peculiar to Schrader, and he decided that if the woman were ill she ought to have a physician. After waiting a few minutes and not hearing anything from "Everett," Schrader called the couple to room No. 7 on the first floor. Within ten minutes one had arrived from Bellevue.

Found the Door Unlocked.
When the ambulance arrived, Patrolman Cox and the surgeon hurried to room No. 7. There was no response to their knocks. The door was unlocked and they entered. The woman was on the bed unconscious. The man was not in the room and his satchel was gone.

It was more than half an hour before a reply from the woman, the surgeon took her in the ambulance to the hospital. There he had been looking for some time. He had had her taken to the alcoholic ward. Dr. Carter, who is in charge of the ward, could find no sign of alcoholism and decided she was suffering from some poison. This belief was strengthened when in her satchel was found a small vial partly filled with carbolic acid.

The symptoms of poisoning were not such as would have been caused by carbolic acid, but there were several other signs in the satchel which contained a bottle of which bore no marks whatever to indicate their contents.

The woman had been in the ward a short time when she began to sink. Dr. Carter ordered that her stomach be washed so as to remove the poison. Before long the case was out of his hands and the work was stopped. In less than an hour after she was taken to the hospital she died.

The police and Schrader searched the hotel for "J. Everett." They could not find him. They questioned all the servants. They had seen the man descend the stairs after he had gone up the second time. The window of room No. 7 opens upon the roof of an extension of the hotel. From that roof it would be easy enough to jump down to the street. The police decided that "J. Everett" discovered that the woman he had taken there was dying, had escaped through that window, closing it behind him.

The police have little to add them in their search for this man who, guilty, guiltily deserted a dying woman. Aimee Smith's parents could not add them in their search. They know no one who looks anything like "J. Everett." They did not know that this girl who left her father's house with his minister's wife had even an admirer.

FREE BY SUICIDE'S DOOR.

A Defaulter Shoots Himself at the Astor House Just as the Law is About to Seize Him.

While a Deputy United States Marshal bearing a warrant for his arrest was knocking at the door of his room in the Astor House yesterday afternoon, Johann Gustaf Rindblad, a Swedish fugitive from justice, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The officer found his intended prisoner lying dead on the bed, the revolver clutched in his right hand.

Letters found on the person of the dead man indicated that he had made up his

coupon calling for a railroad ticket from this city to Minneapolis was found in his personal effects. He arrived here Sunday on the St. Louis.

In the meantime the Swedish Consul here, Karl Woxen, had received from the Swedish Minister at Washington a history of Rindblad's crime, and he put the matter in the hands of the United States authorities. Deputy Marshals Bernard and McAlhany were detailed to watch incoming steamships for the embezzler. They found him on the St. Louis Sunday morning off quarantine, recognizing him from a description sent from Sweden, particularly from the shape of his fingers, which were fat and crooked.

Planned Secrecy.
As they had no warrant they could not arrest him, but they "shadowed" him to the Astor House, where he registered about 5 o'clock in the afternoon as G. Anderson, of Sweden. He was assigned to a room on the top floor, and scurried about the city in the evening, "shadowed" by the detectives. They saw him safely in his room last night and one of them kept watch.

Yesterday morning Mr. Woxen went before United States Commissioner Alexander and swore out a warrant for Rindblad's arrest. This was given to Bernard to serve. At the hotel he was told that Anderson, as he was known, was in his room, where he had taken breakfast. The officer knocked at the door of the room and was started to hear the sound of a pistol shot from the inside. He secured a pass key from a bellboy and entered, to find his man dead.

On a table in the room was a sheet of paper upon which Rindblad had written his name and address, also a request to send some letters he had left to the Post Office. An open letter to his wife was found, in which he said he had been thinking of his family all night and had come to the conclusion that life was not worth the living.

It is not believed that he knew he was charged with the crime, for he was in the hotel earlier he would probably have found his man alive. Before shooting himself Rindblad ate a hearty meal and smoked several pipes of tobacco.

SUICIDE WAS MONEY MAD.

Mrs. McCarthy's Husband Says She Became
Crazed Fearing Her Savings
Would Be Stolen.

Mrs. Ann McCarthy, the suicide, whose body was found in the East River at Thirty-fourth street on Saturday, will be buried this morning from the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, West Fifty-first street, where a requiem mass will be celebrated at 10 o'clock.

Bernard McCarthy, who claimed the woman's body on Sunday and says she was his wife, declares he was married to her thirty years ago at the Church of the Holy Innocents by the late Father Larkin.

McCarthy was a park policeman and gave all his money to his wife to lay aside for their old age. He says her mind was affected for years on the subject of money. She feared their savings would be stolen, and frequently changed her account from one bank to another. Since bank books were found on her person after her death.

The husband and wife were not very happy, owing to the woman's eccentricities, but McCarthy says he managed to get along with her fairly well until about four years ago. Then she left him without any reason, taking the bank books.

He traced her to Ireland, where she went to visit relatives. A year later she returned to America, but never lived with him. About that time he was retired from the Police Department and given a pension. He said his wife went to live somewhere on Twenty-sixth street and afterward moved to No. 441 West Thirty-fourth street, where she resided at the time of her death. He lives at No. 832 Eighth avenue.

According to him she was born in Ireland, where she has relatives. She was about fifty years old. Her name before her marriage was Ann Carlin.

The marriage register of the Church of the Holy Innocents was examined yesterday. From December 30, 1896, when it began, to 1896, no record of McCarthy's marriage was found. At the Bureau of Vital Statistics there was no record of it from 1895 to 1899. There were dozens of McCarthys, but no Bernard McCarthy.

McCarthy has forgotten the name of the lawyer whom he sent to his wife last election day, the only person who is known to have called on her during all the time she lived at the West Thirty-fourth street flat. The object of the man's visit, so he says, was to induce her to give up one of two bank books which were in McCarthy's name. The lawyer was unsuccessful, but McCarthy afterward obtained possession of the book through the bank.

No date has been set for the inquest.

PARLORMATCH HITS THE 3,000.

Philadelphia's Saw a Memorable Performance of the Evans-Hoy Farce.

Philadelphia, March 8.—Evans and Hoy gave their 3,000th performance of "A Parlor Match" at Gilmore's Auditorium to-night with Miss Anna Held as the stellar attraction. The night was the biggest of the season, the "standing room only" sign having been hung out early. A party of New York managers and theatrical men occupied two of the boxes and the critics from this city two others.

After the performance the New York men presented a loving cup to Messrs. Evans and Hoy at a reception in the green room. Manager Ziesfel, making the presentation speech, and the actors responding in a few brief words. Miss Held added a verse dealing with the anniversary to her song, "Won't You Come and Play With Me," and sang two new songs, both of which were well received.

Mr. Evans said he hoped to see the show reach its 5,000th night. Souvenirs were presented to all those in attendance—a picture of Miss Held for the men and a pretty candlestick for the women.

Tonawanda Bank Resumes Business.
Tonawanda, N. Y., March 8.—The German-American Bank, which suspended about ten days ago, resumed business at 9 o'clock this morning. A few depositors who were afraid of the institution were on hand and drew out small sums of money, but among the larger depositors confidence had fully returned and the bank will soon be running smoothly again.

DE LOME'S SORRY HE WROTE IT.

Pleads Youth as Excuse for
His Book Scarifying
Americans.

PUBLISHED YEARS AGO.

The Spanish Minister Denounces
the Sending of Ex-
tracts Here.

"I WAS ONLY A BOY," HE SAYS.

He Then Characterized the American
Woman as an Adventuress, and
Called Public Officials
Thieves.

Washington, March 8.—Senator Dupuy de Lome is sorry he wrote that book entitled "Around the World, from Madrid to Madrid," containing many uncomplimentary allusions to Americans. To be sure, it was many years ago and he was very

young when asked if his modified views of America referred also to the American women. He only laughed, and, like the Greek oracle, having spoken once, he declined to explain. He said, however, that his book, or rather the eighteen or twenty pages of his book that dealt with this country, had many compliments for the women of this great land.

Incidentally the Journal correspondent asked the Spanish Minister the latest news from Cuba.

"We have encouraging intelligence," he answered, rather vaguely. "We have no further fear of the eventual settlement of the rebellion. There is, in fact, no Cuban

question now. It has settled itself, to all practical intents."

Asked if the army of General Gomez was, as reported, entirely surrounded by the forces of Weyler, the Minister answered: "It is absolutely true. The war will soon be ended, to the honor and glory of Spain."

Among other things in Senor De Lome's book are the following statements:
In 1849 a lot of bandits from New York, Philadelphia, Spanish America and the islands of the Southeast, built their wood cabins

figure, small feet and beautiful hair. Is she a woman of the home? I don't know, and, what is more, I don't believe it. I have seen her in California, in Paris—all over Europe—always extravagant, spending money that the husband, whom one knows, earns, no one knows how or where. While unmarried they are protected more by the law than by any respect that men have for them. When married, how do they conduct themselves? You can tell. Some believe they are model wives. I do not believe that they are of the worst. But one is not prepossessed in their favor.

Senor De Lome has this to say about military displays, under date of July 4:

DE MADRID
MADRID.
DANDO LA VUELTA AL MUNDO,
DON ENRIQUE DUPLY DE LOME,
SECRETARIO DE LEGACION.
MADRID.
OFICINAS DE LA ILUSTRACION ESPAÑOLA Y AMERICANA.
CALLE DE CARMONA, N.º 15, PRINCIPAL.
MADRID, 1871.

Title Page to Signor De Lome's Book.

young-facts which he urges in extenuation that that extracts from the book have been sent to this country and published. But he wishes the embezzlement of his youth had had another outlet.

"The person," said he to-day, "who sent to this country the few garbled quotations conveying the impression that the work had been lately written was prompted by the most inconceivable malice toward me and toward my country. The book was published in Madrid in 1876. It has never been translated, and, so far as I know, there are no copies in America."

Only a Boy.

"In my book there are many allusions to other countries besides America, which I have no doubt are very distasteful from every standpoint, but one must take into consideration that I was but a boy, and on my first trip through the world, I should I write now my experiences would not make me so ridiculous."

"Another thing I will explain: At the time of my first visit, the country was rife with rumors of the whiskey ring, the California miners, the Indian wars. This talk impressed me very unfavorably, and not having the judgment which comes from wider experience, I formed my opinion of the American people from these desultory glimpses I obtained from the passing crowd."

"I am glad to state that my later acquaintance with the American people has entirely modified my first impressions. So far as my knowledge goes, my offence is by no means unique. Dickens, for instance, was much more severe; and I could name a hundred other writers who have mercilessly flayed our manners and customs. The episode of the Manila cigars has, I understand, been most severely scored. It is, nevertheless, true in every detail."

"We had a box of cigars that, being from the Philippines, and of an inferior quality, we determined to use as a test of the Custom House regulations. They were promptly taken from us, because we explained that they were 'only Manillas' that we intended to throw away at the first opportunity."

The Same Old Porters.

"Another thing I was intensely annoyed by the pomposity of the Pullman car porters, and I have heard American gentlemen complain as bitterly as I have in my book. The first thing that I discovered when I got in the car to leave San Francisco was that my comfort and peace of mind depended entirely on the humor of the porter happened to possess. In the restaurant I was ordered around by the head waiter, and I, not being accustomed to be spoken to in such terms by my inferiors, lost my patience entirely."

"But I will say, now, after many years of residence in the United States, that I have found the good qualities of the American people to outnumber their bad qualities, by, as you say so often in your papers, 'a large majority.'"

"Should I write a book now I would express myself differently, and I denounce in the most severe terms the methods used to get me into trouble with this Government. I have the deepest regard for this Government, and I hope to maintain always the same amicable relations that have existed hitherto."

Senor De Lome rather begged the ques-

tion when asked if his modified views of America referred also to the American women. He only laughed, and, like the Greek oracle, having spoken once, he declined to explain. He said, however, that his book, or rather the eighteen or twenty pages of his book that dealt with this country, had many compliments for the women of this great land.

Incidentally the Journal correspondent asked the Spanish Minister the latest news from Cuba.

"We have encouraging intelligence," he answered, rather vaguely. "We have no further fear of the eventual settlement of the rebellion. There is, in fact, no Cuban

question now. It has settled itself, to all practical intents."

Asked if the army of General Gomez was, as reported, entirely surrounded by the forces of Weyler, the Minister answered: "It is absolutely true. The war will soon be ended, to the honor and glory of Spain."

Among other things in Senor De Lome's book are the following statements:
In 1849 a lot of bandits from New York, Philadelphia, Spanish America and the islands of the Southeast, built their wood cabins

figure, small feet and beautiful hair. Is she a woman of the home? I don't know, and, what is more, I don't believe it. I have seen her in California, in Paris—all over Europe—always extravagant, spending money that the husband, whom one knows, earns, no one knows how or where. While unmarried they are protected more by the law than by any respect that men have for them. When married, how do they conduct themselves? You can tell. Some believe they are model wives. I do not believe that they are of the worst. But one is not prepossessed in their favor.

Senor De Lome has this to say about military displays, under date of July 4:

SPRING IMPORTATIONS
FROM
PARIS
TO
NEW YORK
AN EXTRAORDINARY
STATEMENT
We have good reason to believe that we show to-day more varieties of elegant, high-class Paris Novelty Dress Goods than can be found in any other European or American store.
This morning there will be added to our stock
TWENTY DISTINCT SORTS
NINETY-ONE STYLES
direct from Paris, of the richest and newest styles. Among them are:
Fancy Chiffons, embroidered and printed.
Crepon Chiffons, with high color printings.
Grenadines on two-toned Persian back-grounds.
Fancy Grenadines, with cable cord stripes.
Open Plaids, without back fabrics.
Fancy Silks, with small linen figures.
Grenadines, ombre colors, with open mesh zig-zag stripes.
Grenadines, with lace run-around stripes.
Types cannot describe, but merely flout such goods. Every piece bears some impress of textile art that differs, more or less, from anything ever produced before.

A NOVELTY IN DRESS SILKS
Quality rich. Basket weave grounds of gold, white lavender, heliotrope, chartreuse, geranium, with discs of black. Newness of design and fashion's touch of color are happy combinations. Ought to be \$3, but they are \$1.75. Just out to-day.

The Rotunda.
THE UPHOLSTERY STORE
A veritable academy of fine arts. New fabrics daily. Experts will give you ideas for home decorations for the asking. Artistic decorations and furnishings are now within the reach of every one. Machines catch the charm of hand-looms. Such cheapness.

A new and beautiful imported Tapestry, 50 in. wide, \$4.25 a yd.
A heavy French Tapestry, renaissance style, soft and mellow colorings, for furniture coverings, \$3.25 a yd.
A charming French cotton-and-silk striped Tapestry in the daintiest of colorings, 50 in. wide, \$1 and \$1.25 a yd.
Some very attractive Curtains here at bargain prices.
A heavy cross-stripe Oriental Curtain—something entirely new—for hangings or couch covers, \$5.25 each or \$10.50 pair.
Second floor.

BOOKS
Easiest of stores in which to buy Books. Conveniently arranged—economical prices. New books here on day of publication. A special table for them.
A list of popular reading at little prices:
Astor Library, 75 titles, 25c each.
Salon Series, 14 titles, 50c each.
Escutcheon Series, 24 titles, 50c each.
DeNovo Library, 80 titles, 18c each.
Lotus Series, 31 titles, 30c each.
Exquisite Series, 43 titles, 50c each.
Roxburgh Classics, 80 titles, 50c.

Novels by Richard Henry Savage, paper covers and published at 50c; our price, 18c. Here are the titles:
The Princess of Alaska.
Miss Deveraux of the Marquitta.
Delilah of Hoolen.
The Masked Venus.
In the Old Chateau.
The Anarchist.
Prince Schamyl's Wooing.
The Little Lady of Lagamitas.
For Life and Love.
A Daughter of Judas.
The Flying Halcyon.
Sixth street.

ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY,
Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mailed securely and confidentially to any address.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write E. P. Felt, P. O. Box 50, New York City. Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize offer and new list of 1,000 inventions wanted.

The brave and valiant heroes, day laborers and butchers, who bear arms to defend themselves from no one knows who, have adopted a general and simple system of uniform. Forging a regiment with twenty-five men, and an army with one hundred, the different troops parade in uniform of the most formidable corps. One sees Garibaldi, German dragoon, French zouaves, Swiss mousquetaires, and grenadiers with immense bearskin caps, busards, etc.

BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERN.
THIS FIVE-FINGERED SKIRT IN BELL STYLE
DESIGNED BY May Manton
and cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to you for ONLY TEN CENTS.
If you cut out and send to:
Baz. Glove-Fitting Pattern Co.,
Dept. J. 132 White St., New York.

DIRECT AND PROMPT SERVICE.
Patterns mailed same day order is received. If you would like to see other styles, send 10 cents.
"MODES," by May Manton.
Write distinctly your name, address and the size wanted, and enclose with 10 cents in silver or postage stamps to:
BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERN CO.,
Dept. J. 132 White St., New York.

JOHN WANAMAKER
Formerly A. T. STEWART & CO.
Full sized Mattresses, filled with South American curled hair, covered with good quality ticking, at \$7.50.
Same sort, covered with best "A. C. A." ticking, at \$12.
The price of curled hair has increased recently. We purchased a large quantity before the advance. Otherwise we would have to ask you more for these Mattresses. We will make them in one or two parts as desired.
Full sized Pillows (2½ pounds), filled with live goose feathers, covered with best "A. C. A." ticking, at \$1.25.
Full sized Bolsters (5 pounds), filled with live goose feathers, covered with best "A. C. A." ticking, at \$2.50.
Surely the one time and place to buy Mattresses and Bolsters.
Fourth floor.